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An Interview with  
CLARENCE ALTON HOLLINGSWORTH  
March 1977

Interviewed by  
Roberta Miller

Mississippi  
Department of Archives and History  
and the  
Washington County Library System  
Oral History Project:  
Greenville and Vicinity

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Interviewee: Clarence Alton Hollingsworth  
Interviewer: Roberta Miller

Title: An interview with Clarence Alton Hollingsworth, March 1977 / interviewed by Roberta Miller

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Scope Note: The Washington County Library System, with assistance from the Mississippi Department of Archives and History, conducted oral history interviews with local citizens. The project interviews took place between 1976 and 1978. The interviewees included long-term residents of the Greenville-Washington County area in their late 50's and older.

An untaped interview with Mr. Clarence Alton Hollingsworth by Roberta Miller, an Oral History Interviewer with the Washington County Library System. The date is March 1977.

Mr. Hollingsworth is a former Patrolman on the Police Force, 1931-1936; Assistant Chief, 1936-1948; Chief, 1949-1959, and Sheriff of Washington County, 1960-1964.

I was born October 3, 1905, near Hollandale, Washington County, Mississippi. My parents were Clarence Hollingsworth and May McGraw Hollingsworth. My father, from Centerville, Mississippi, was farming with my grandfather when he married my mother, who had come to Hollandale to teach school. My family was one of the early families in the county, and my grandfather, who was known to everyone as "Colonel Joe", lived to be 97 years of age, and he could remember when it took a week to make a round trip from Percy to Greenville, and that there was not a break in the cane at that time. (Most of the ridges of the county were covered by canebreaks.)

My boyhood was spent on Deer Creek near Hollandale. I remember the 1912 Flood because I cut my foot wading and I still have the scar. My father was the plantation manager for the L. C. Hays plantation. The hostler on the place had two sons, "Cuddy" and "Doc". We played together all the time. We had a swimming hole in Deer Creek, close to a sugar cane mill. They would throw the cane hulls over on the bank, and we would

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slide down on the hulls, into the swimming hole. We all had nicknames. My brother, Spencer Scott, was "Sweet." I was "Cow" because I worked with the calves so much. J.P. was "Hawk" and George Magruder was "Tootie." My only sister, Marie, was always known as "Sister". My father had one of the first Model T Ford Coupes, and he made a Pickup out of it to use on the place. Before that he had a Jumper Cart, which was a two-wheeled buggy pulled by a horse. My brother, "Sweet" made friends with a young colored boy and brought him home to play with us. His nickname was "Foodledoo". He was from a large family, so my mother fixed a bed for him on the latticed back porch, and he slept there until he was grown. I remember that "Sweet" liked to sing, and one of his favorite songs was "Three Little Words". Our cook, we called "Willie". Her real name was Minnie Maud, and she was really good to us. Always had things for us to eat when we came home from school. On April Fools Day, she had this great plate of biscuits, but when we bit into them, we found they were filled with cotton.

A lot of logging went on around Hollandale. There was the Bell Lumber Company west of Hollandale. They logged in that area until they got all the best trees out. And the Darnell Love Lumber Company, which was east of Hollandale. In the early days, the land on the Creek was settled on each side from 1/4 to 1/2 mile back to the woods. The railroads ran dummy lines out to the logging camps, and they used oxen to snake the logs up to the railroad tracks. Oxen were stronger

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than mules and horses, and their feet were not subject to foot rot, which was a big problem then on account of the swampy country. One time a man working in one of the logging camps said something to one of the overseers, and they had an argument, so the man ran and jumped on the dummy line train and came into Hollandale, with the overseer right behind the train on his horse. The man jumped off, and they caught him on the Southern tracks. Someone had a pistol and held it on the man, and the overseer hit him with a pecan sapling until he fell to the ground. They left him there. I was only a child at the time, but we lived close to the railroad, and I saw this happen.

We moved into Hollandale in 1918, and I went to school there until I entered Mississippi College at Clinton, Mississippi to study for the Ministry. I got interested in playing football and other outside activities and decided to withdraw from the Theological School.

With my friend, Cavanaugh Farr of Percy, I went down to New Orleans to seek my fortune. I thought I would go to South America. I had always been interested in music, and I played the saxophone, with my friend Allen Barefield on trumpet, and my sister, Marie, who is now Mrs. Marie Glassco, on the piano. I had taken my saxophone to New Orleans with me. But I got broke. Jobs were hard to find, so I pawned my sax. I did meet Mr. Weinberg, the Vice President of the United Fruit Company. The Fruit Company owned the Standard Box and Veneer Company of Hammond, Louisiana. They made cartons and crates.

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for strawberries and bananas. Some of the people who worked in this plant were called "Freejacks". (Walker Percy in his book, "Lancelot" explains that "Freejacks" are light skinned people who were descendents of the slaves who fought at the Battle of New Orleans in 1814, and who were freed by President Andrew Jackson."

They created a job for me as an inventory man at the Standard Box and Veneer Company. I kept a daily inventory. (They had had a fire, and had no records to support their loss) So I kept an inventory on the crates and knocked down boxes. I would count so many in a section, and then I would measure the rest so it would not take too long. They had a cold storage plant too, to keep the strawberries until they were ready to be packed. I would ride out in the country and visit the Italian families who raised the strawberries. They made strawberry wine in barrels and always wanted you to sample it, and before I knew it, I was "Top Heavy".

It was a good job, and I was getting along fine. I called down to New Orleans to see about my sax, but they had sold it. So I lost my sax. My mother started worrying about me, and wanted me to come home. So I did. Mr. F. J. Scull of Hollandale had an opening at his general merchandise store. He sold everything from salt meat to silk stockings. I went to work there and it was not too long before the 1927 flood came. Mr. Scull was frightened, and he and his whole family left. He told me, "Do the best you can with the store!" I

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stayed at my parents' home, which was about 2 blocks from the store. It was about six feet off the ground, and the water came up to the floor boards but never did get in.

In the Scull store, the water came up to five or six feet inside. I would paddle into the store every day. I put up everything, canned goods, food, everything. I watched to see if I needed to move anything higher. The Red Cross had a big job, and they were a little slow getting help to Hollandale, so food was short for awhile. I sold all the canned goods and food in the store. Mr. Scull was very pleased when he returned. But the water stayed up long enough to give me a severe case of sinus, and Dr. L. C. Davis had to pierce my antrium. Then I got pneumonia and had plebitis. My leg got as big as my body. After I got well, I worked for Mr. Scull another year. Then I went to work for John Wicks at his drug store. He sold the drug store in 1929, and I went over to Jonesboro, Arkansas, and worked in a drug store there.

That's where I met my future wife, Bertha Castleberry. We got married. I remember we had a 1929 Ford Roadster with white wheels. I also worked as a carpenter on a gymnasium they were building in Jonesboro until a piece of scaffolding dropped on my foot. So my wife, Bert, and I came back to Hollandale to live with my family. It was harder than ever to get jobs in 1929 and 1930. Eugene Furniss, a friend, who was known as the "Special Investigator for the Prosecuting Attorney's Office", told me to see Chief "Red" Taggart in Greenville about

a job on the Plice Force. So my father and I went over to Greenville. Chief Taggart said, "Well, it's twelve hours on and twelve hours off and it's \$150.00 per month, and we hold back \$20.00 per month, but we give it back to you at the end of six months if you've been good." So I took the job, and I was ashamed to meet my friends at first. Being a policeman in those days was not considered much of a job. I had an old brown suit to wear, and they lent me a dirty old Police cap, and a pistol and a holster and the badges. I didn't know much about pistols, and it was six months before I decided I had better see whether the thing worked or not. So I went up on the levee and checked it out. It didn't work! At that time the only requirements to be a policeman were to be white and between twenty-five and forty-five. We all bought our own uniforms, blue serge, and you would get shells to put over your buttons, so you could use your uniform for your Sunday Suit. (You can imagine that there were many different suit styles on the force).

During the 1930's, there were about twelve thousand people in Greenville. We had a Chief, Desk Sergeant, 10 Patrolmen and 2 cars, a 1930 Ford Coupe and a Chevrolet. Everybody wanted to use the Chevrolet. There were 5 men on during the day and seven on at night. There were only four Beats in Greenville then.

Beat #1 was from Poplar to the levee around Walnut to the Southern Depot on Central.

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Beat #2 was from Poplar to Washington to Broadway Street.

Beat #3 was in East End from Broadway to the Y. & M.V. Railroad.

Beat #4 was on Nelson Street, and was foot patrolled at night. We all hated the Nelson Street Beat, because something was always happening down there in those days.

We generally used, two cars in the daytime with one man in each, and used two cars at night with one in each one.

The only means of communication was a Party Telephone line. The bells were way up high on the telephone poles. Each beat had a different ring. Beat #1 had 1 ring. Beat #2, 2 rings. Beat #3, 3 rings, and Beat #4, 4 rings.

One Patrolman, who was an excellent officer could accurately report everything from memory if necessary, without notes. All Patrolmen began at \$150.00. The Chief made \$250.00. This was in 1936. When I became Assistant Chief I was raised to \$175.00. And that was when I joined the Lions Club and later the Kiwanis, and started taking part in civic affairs. At one time, I got an increase of \$100.00 per month for cost of living, but they did not add it to my salary. Retirement was half-pay, and they did not want to increase the amount of retirement. The peak I made after twenty-eight years on the force was \$400.00, plus the \$100.00 increase for cost of living (this was the last four years). So in 1959 I almost had to run for Sheriff. I was not going to be able to live on \$200.00 per month and no

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Social Security.

Back during the early years of the depression, sometimes the City did not have enough money to pay us. And at one point, my good friend, Gervis Lusk and some other interested parties, formed the Taxpayers League to save money and they cut our salary \$20.00 per month. We finally got back to \$150.00, after the depression was over.

All the time I was on the force, when I was a rookie, then Assistant Chief, then Chief, all of us worked for the men to get more money. They got up to \$200.00 and \$250.00. They got an eight-hour shift, and we got our uniforms paid for. We also tried to build up self respect in the men. As the older men left the force, we replaced them with younger men, and we met once a week, and I kept notes on them, and told them when they did a good job, and also called their attention to mistakes, or any misconduct, and listened to any complaints.

During the depression, people were often cold and hungry, so chicken stealing and stealing coal from the local coal yards occupied a great deal of the police forces' time. Somebody did steal a cannon from the Vicksurg National Park, and they brought the brass core up to Greenville and sold it to the Leverton Junk Store on Walnut Street. (It was through the efforts of Chief William S. Taggart and our F.B.I. Agent that this case was solved.

Once when I was a rookie policeman, I was very proud of myself because I successfully solved a burglary. At the time

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I was walking the beat on Nelson Street, and on that beat I had occasion to pass Mr. Sherman's store, which stood on the corner of Redbud and Gloster. On this particular occasion, it was a rainy night and muddy. I noticed a side window had been broken in Mr. Sherman's store on the Gloster Street side. I proceeded to get Mr. Sherman up to see if there had been a burglary. And we found that a good many groceries and other things were missing. I began to look around and noticed that someone had been in the store and had crawled over a hamper of onions, and that there was some mud stuck on some of the onions. Evidently the mud on the burglar's feet had stuck to the onions, and when he left the store, ever so often you would see a piece of mud with an onion peeling stuck to it. I trailed him down Persimmon South to Nelson, following the pieces of mud with little pieces of onion stuck to them. Right behind a Chinese Merchant's, a store on Persimmon and Nelson, I noticed that the mud and onions turned into a house there. There was even some on the porch. So I went to the 'phone and asked for a search warrant for the house. We searched the house and found the groceries and other things, and I felt very proud of myself.

We turned this burglar over to the Sheriff to await trial in Circuit Court (after he had appeared for a preliminary hearing where he was unable to make bond). He was being held in the County Jail. We had a District Attorney at that time who liked his whiskey. It was customary when the District Attorney would call in each county that the Sheriff would furnish some

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confiscated whiskey to visiting officials. Of course, that was during Prohibition days, and this was "corn whiskey". The District Attorney drank a little too much, and being strong willed, was able to persuade the Sheriff to let him have a man to drive him. So the Sheriff let him have our "Onion Burglar". So he drove the District Attorney to Memphis on a big weekend spree, and brought him back safe and sound, whole and hearty, then delivered himself back to the Sheriff. So when the time came for my case to be called, I was sitting in court, very interested, waiting for my case to be called. It was never called. I made inquiries. I was told that the District Attorney's association with the "Onion Burglar" made the District Attorney think he should not prosecute, so the case was passed to the files, which means it was "Nol Prossed". It was dropped.

One of the duties of the Police Force was keeping the schools segregated and the school grounds. This was not a pleasant task, but it was the law and we had to enforce it. We would not let the black children play on the white school grounds, although these playgrounds would often be close to the black neighborhoods.

Chief Taggart went to the 3rd F.B.I. Academy in 1936, and I was made acting Chief. I had grown up with the prejudices of a small Mississippi Town, composed mostly of white Anglo-Saxons, but I outgrew these prejudices in Greenville, where we had whites, blacks, Jews, Italians, Lebanese, Chinese and Irish Catholics. Lots of them became my best friends.

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Judge Emmet Harty, the City Judge and an Irish Catholic, became one of my good friends, and helped me most when I was a Police Officer. Judge Harty was known for his sayings, and he always gave the City Government a hard time. He would say --- "The City Council may be dumb but they are honest." And, "We never fire anybody when we need to. We just hire a helper."

I graduated from the F. B. I. Academy in 1946. ( I was the next one to go after Chief Taggart went in 1936 ). Then in 1948 I was made Chief. I was 42 years of age. Greenville had 35,000 people in it when I retired in 1959. We had 5 full time officers, the first black policeman, and eight police women, three of whom were black, who worked the school crossings. We had a new building containing the city court, police department and jail, with FBI trained personnel, and all the modern techniques for crime detecting and prevention. We had three shifts for the men, as compared to the 2 shifts we had (when I first went on the force), or 13 men. Greenville had tripled in size.

In the early thirties, police investigations were conducted by what we now refer to as "The Strong Arm Method", but through police training which was initiated in most communities through the assistance of the FBI, we began to see more sophisticated and scientific methods used in criminal investigation.

I urged all the men to treat everyone the same, to be fair. Sometimes the Chamber of Commerce or some of the merchants

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would say they thought the Police might be too aggressive in giving parking tickets or speeding tickets to some of their out of town customers.

The first real records system of the Greenville Police Department was begun after I returned from the FBI school in 1946. Up until then, the Record System of the Department were poor at the best and often inaccurate. We began to have Arrest Cards, photography and finger printing. This was one of the biggest steps. A finger printing classification file was set up, and a photography and crime laboratory.

All of these improved methods were gradually accomplished over the years, through the efforts and ingenuity of the policemen, with very little cost to the taxpayer. During this time, Police Schools were conducted with the aid of the FBI and local talent, such as lawyers, doctors, and locally trained law enforcement officers. One of the things I was especially interested in was Public Relations and Police Conduct, which is absolutely necessary for conducting an efficient Police Department. Because of this, I was successful in getting the backing of the community.

At the request of the local Police Department; the police schools were conducted at no cost to the taxpayer. I was very conscious that there was a limit in the money that the City of Greenville could spend for police protection. During the time I was Chief I was successful in sending a number of qualified men to the FBI Academy.

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In all my years of law enforcement, I was only forced to shoot twice in the line of duty, once when I thought a man was drawing on me first, and I shot and killed the man. (I was tried and acquitted for this). Another time when I was apprehending a man committing a felony by shooting into an occupied house. When I told him to drop his gun, he swung his gun around on me, and I shot low to wing him, but the bullet went into his groin, and he died on the way to the hospital. These are two things I regret very much.

When I decided to run for Sheriff the first time, the City asked me not to resign. They gave me a leave of absence. One of our citizens went to Mayor George Archer and asked him what we "ought to do about voting for Hollingsworth for Sheriff". Mayor Archer said, "Vote like you want to. All you have to do is decide if you want a good Sheriff or a good Police Department". I ran and was beaten by 73 votes.

I resigned from the Police Force when I ran for Sheriff in 1959. I was elected and served the term from 1960 to 1964. The Sheriff's office in Washington County, as in all Mississippi counties, was a tax collecting and law enforcement office. The Sheriff's salary and that of his deputies and employees were paid out of the commission the Sheriff received from tax collections, fees for serving writs, serving summons for criminal arrests, civil papers, etc. We had 5 regular employees at the office at all times, and then during tax time, and when we sold automobile tags, we hired extra people.

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Former Chief Taggart was one of the jailers and a good one. He also managed the kitchen. We served good meals, and "Chief Taggart" kept a lock on the refrigerator. I put in a night jailer, so we would have two men on duty at the jail at all times. They were on 24 hours a day. The Sheriff's office was not hard to run. We had the two jailers, "RED" Taggart was in charge of the food. We had five fulldeputies, one at Leland, Arcola, Hollandale and Glen Allen, and four or five part time deputies in the county like local Chiefs of Police.

We had the "Trusty" system in both the city and the county. The Trusties worked as janitors and yard workers in the court house, jail, and sometimes over at the Department of Public Welfare building. They helped cook, worked in the kitchen, waiting on tables. There was no problem of running off. Sometimes they would get permission to visit home for awhile.

Of course, at that time we had segregation at the jail. We had cell blocks for colored women, but no place for white women. We didn't have too many white women to come to the county jail.

Most of the crimes we dealt with in both city and county were burglaries and thefts and that type of thing. I think possibly there is always some brutality on the part of some law enforcement officers. Way back in the 1930s we could just pick up people for questioning if we saw them alone on the street, say, late at night. Most of the vagrants we

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picked up like that had probably been stealing, maybe a chicken or two, or a sack of coal. But over at the old Police Station at the alley across from Wetherbee Hardware off Walnut, one of our officers had picked up a man and brought him in for questioning. The officer was convinced he had been up to something. He kept questioning him. Finally he put a rope around his neck and made him get on his knees. The officer said, "If you don't confess, I'm going to hang you". The man said, "Yes, I did it. I killed the Deputy Sheriff of Osceola, Arkansas." Well, Chief Taggart called over there, and the Deputy Sheriff was alive! Many times, over at the old jail, the officers would stretch a negro prisoner on the floor. Four men would hold him down, and an officer would whip him until he was exhausted or confessed.

At one time, we had a series of safe burglaries. Somebody who was really good at "peeling a safe" was going all over town. To "peel a safe" you need a bar, and you just roll back the face of the safe. It is quite an art. This safe burglar went up on Nelson and got into a juke box, and left his fingerprints. He was a suspect anyway. We searched his house and found tools, and money and bills under his house. He confessed and laughed about it.

We didn't have too many problems about Drug Using, when I was on the Police Force or when I was Sheriff. We didn't have too many drug addicts like we do now. The ones that came to Greenville were mostly drifters. They moved around from town

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to town. When they would come to Greenville, we'd pick them up, and put them on "cold turkey" and they'd soon learn not to come to Greenville. It wasn't so easy to get drugs then. They generally broke into doctors' offices to get hold of narcotics. Most doctors kept a supply of narcotics on hand, so if a doctor's office was burglarized, we'd know we had some addicts in town. Sometimes we'd have somebody on drugs, or drunk, or just a bad actor, in jail, who would turn on the water and flood the jail, but that was rare.

The percentage of drunks was about 75% black to about 25% white. However, the overall percentage of black to white in the jails both in the county and the city, was predominantly black - about 85% to 90% of the offenders being black.

In the thirties, we had reports of gambling and opium smoking down on Nelson Street in the Chinese clubs. I think there were two of them. They were generally closed at the front, but the Chinese from all over the delta would come, and slip in the back, and smoke and gamble. We finally made a raid, and found roomsful of Chinese. They would be gambling in one of the clubhouses, and smoking opium in the other. They would be lying on the bare floor with their heads on cigar boxes or wooden pillows, with their opium pipes. We took them all to court, and they all paid their fines, and that was the end of opium smoking.

When I became Sheriff, I closed all the slot machines,

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everything, except in private clubs which were patronized by members only.

North Theobald was known as Gold Coast, and since there was often a good little bit of drinking and gambling and resulting troubles I worked out a Saturday Night and Sunday closing. On, Sunday morning, I went to the colored VFW and knocked on the door. They said, "Who's that?" I said, "Who do you think? Open up". So I surprised a group of Sunday morning drinkers. When I asked what was going on, they said, "Well, we had this phlegm in our throats and we just had to get rid of it."

One of the things that happened while I was Sheriff was an armed robbery down on Sunflower river. We had radios and I had two or three cars go down there. One of my deputies was chasing after the get away car, and he shot at them, and they returned the shot. They went on towards Indianola, and three or four miles south of Highway 49 they stopped. They were shooting and my deputy was shooting. They were holding a hostage, an elderly man, and one of the bullets killed him. A girl in the car had injuries too. I asked my deputy about the shooting, and he said, "I couldn't help it, Sheriff." He carried a rifle in his car which he had used. We sent a couple of test bullets to the FBI, and the deputy's gun had done it. The son-in-law of the man who was killed brought us before the Grand Jury. I went before the Grand Jury and told the whole story. "My deputy was pursuing the car and shot, and

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they returned the shots. If the Sheriff's office is wrong, then it just has to be wrong, because this is the whole story." The Court decided that the officer was not to be held responsible. But this incident caused me much anguish, because of the death of the old gentleman who had been held as a hostage.

There was not too much Civil Rights activity from 1960 to 1964 in Washington County. SNIC was in Greenville. James Carter, James Edwards and George Lewis and some others were working at various things. Aaron Henry of the NAACP did speak on the Court House lawn to about five hundred people. He stood on the Court House steps. We had not given permission for him to speak in the Court Room, but we did give permission for use of the Court House grounds, as we did for most public gatherings. As Sheriff, I was custodian of the Court House and the Court House grounds.

When I ran for Sheriff in 1959, it was my second time. I had already run once and been defeated by only 73 votes. I did not solicit the illegal whiskey dealers' votes the first time, and they felt if I was elected they would not be allowed to operate. But in 1959, I solicited everybody's vote. I let it be known that since it was the will of the county to have whiskey sold in it, I would not close up any whiskey dealers unless a citizen brought me a complaint, and then I would. I was overwhelmingly elected because I think the people of the county respected me as a law enforcement officer.

At that time we had the Blackmarket Tax on whiskey in

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Mississippi. It was illegal to sell whiskey in Mississippi but if you did, you had to pay a tax to the state. There was a saying going around that, "The people had the whiskey, the bootlegger and the state had the money, and the Prohibitionists had the law."

Prohibition in Mississippi was a farce. Enforcing laws was almost impossible and the state was involved legally and illegally. Although the state collected the Black Market tax on whiskey, there were no legal property rights in whiskey. For this reason, the illegal dealers had to pay off.

The wholesale dealers had to have protection to operate and to do this, they had to pay out money. They had to pay the Sheriffs to operate in their counties, and to cross through, and to go into other counties, and it was a big operation. And any Sheriff had an opportunity to make "big money". Very few Sheriffs left office in Mississippi without making lots of money.

This was a big headache to me, and one day, the Ministerial Association began a movement through the Delta Democrat Times, by means of a petition to the Sheriff, deploring the lack of enforcement of the Prohibition laws. (It was my policy at this time, although it was a violation of the law, to permit anyone who wanted to, to engage in the "liquor business") Well, everybody became aroused. So the Ministerial Association asked me to meet with them one Sunday afternoon. I told them, "You are not sincere about this. If you were, you would have

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come to me instead of the paper. I did not come out to speak but to answer questions. I know how "good Baptists" feel about whiskey and sin, but Prohibition laws in Greenville and Washington County are a farce. If people want whiskey they are going to have it. If we tried to enforce the laws on sale and possession of whiskey, one half of the people would be in jail. Children who are sold whiskey by bootleggers can also find whiskey available at home. I have dealt with this for thirty years, and I conclude you cannot enforce the laws on sale and possession of whiskey, when the citizens want to buy whiskey, and there are rich unscrupulous dealers and politicians who want to make money. If I accepted money from "bootleggers" then I would belong to them. You see these hands, they were clean when I came into office, and they'll be clean when I go out. It hurts me to see whiskey sold but I am not involved. If you will make affidavits, I will swear out warrants and serve them. You can go with me. I have plugged for the legalization of whiskey for years." The ministers applauded my speech, and one elderly minister told me, "I have always respected you, but I've got more respect for you today than I ever had."

During the remaining term of my office, which was about three years, nobody ever came to make an affidavit, or any other complaint. (Later on, there was a relative of one of the whiskey dealers, who had a personal grudge of some kind, who came to me one day and asked me to swear out a warrant

which I did. (This was not on a religious basis but a personal affair. I went out there. There wasn't a sign of any whiskey on the place!).

I left the Sheriff's office in 1964. And finally in 1966, the sale of whiskey was legalized. And then in 1972, the Sheriff's office was separated from tax collecting. These were two big steps for Mississippi and Washington County, and for law enforcement.

(End of Interview)

(Typed by Vivian Broom)

August 16, 1977

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     assistant Chief, 1, 7; Chief, 1; sheriff, 1, 7, 13,  
     18, 21; born in Washington County (near Hollandale),  
     1; nickname "Cow", 2; education, Mississippi State  
     College, 3; life during the 1927 flood, 4; employee,  
     General Merchandise store, 4, 5; drug store worker,  
     5; carpenter, 5; member, Lions Club, 7; member,  
     Kiwanis, 7; police retirement, 7; graduation, F. B. I.

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